

M. Sean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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CROSBY MAN CRUSHED UNDER CAR WHEELS.

James Murray Meets Terrible Fate
Tuesday Afternoon.

LIVED ONLY ABOUT TWO HOURS.

Fell Under Car and Leg and Body
Badly Crushed—Body Stops Car
—He Leaves a Wife and
Large Family.

James Murray met with a terrible accident shortly after one o'clock on Tuesday while in the discharge of his duties at the Henshaw Chemical Factory at Crosby which cost him his life. He slipped and fell under a moving box car which ran over his right leg below the knee and then ran up to his body, crushing the pelvic bone, where the car stopped and held him in this awful position.

Mr. Murray was assisting in pinning some cars on the switch of the company when the accident happened. Two or three cars were being let down the switch by gravity and during the operation he stepped in between the cars for some purpose. He either caught his foot or slipped, throwing him under the car, with the above result.

An alarm was given and the men about the factory came to his aid immediately. The car was shoved back and he was taken out and removed to his home. Medical aid was summoned from Smithport but he was past all human aid and expired a short time after the doctors arrived. He was resigned to his fate and shortly before he died he said he was going home and was happy.

Mr. Murray was about 45 years of age and is survived by a loving wife and several children. He was a member of the Gospel Workers and took an active interest in the work of his religious belief. He had been a resident of Norfolk township the greater part of his life, and his first wife preceded him to the Great Beyond.

The funeral services are being held this afternoon and his remains will be laid at rest in the Collegeville cemetery.

Deceitful Boy Killed.

This morning's Bradford Era says: Carl, the 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stronburg, of Dugout, was killed about 7 o'clock last evening in a most distressing manner. The father of the boy is employed on the farm of Miss Ida Drake, which adjoins the poor farm. Some time ago the manufacturer of a moumre spreader shipped a machine to Superintendent Clark at the poor farm and recently Miss Drake purchased the farm implement for use on her farm.

Last evening Mr. Stronburg was on the poor farm with a team to get the machine. His boy and a number of others went along and rode back on the spreader. As Mr. Stronburg was driving into the yard, the spreader was given a sudden jolt and Carl was thrown between the brake and the wheel. Before the father noticed his position, the lad had been terribly crushed about the right side.

Drs. McCallum and Walker of this city were summoned, but the boy died from his injuries before the doctors reached the farm. It is thought he lived about 10 minutes after the accident.

Coroner Sherman of this city was notified, but upon learning the particulars, deemed an inquest unnecessary.

Carl was an exceedingly bright boy and his parents will have the sympathy of the community. Besides his parents he leaves two brothers and a sister.

Ora O'dell Hanged.

A dispatch from Emporium, June 3, says: Ora O'dell, the wife-murderer, was hanged in the county jail here yesterday at 10:11 a. m. Sheriff Swope was assisted by ex-Sheriff C. S. King of Port Allegany. In just seven minutes after the drop fell Dr. Phil pronounced him dead.

Before the black cap was adjusted over his head O'dell spoke to the spectators in bold terms, saying: "I hate to be taken away in this manner, but I suppose it is according to law." The cap was then placed over his head and in a very few seconds the trap was sprung and his body shot through the trap, sending his soul into eternity.

O'dell killed his wife during a spree last July. He was known all over the town as a worthless and habitual drunkard. His wife supported him by keeping a small store. They had two children. One evening he approached his wife and after knocking her down he shot her three times, one bullet going through the jugular vein. She died an hour later. She was a woman of good repute and the two children are exceptionally bright. They are making their home with their grandparents.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

DECORATION DAY.

Rain Interfered with the Services and Drenched Large Crowd.

The usual Decoration Day exercises were greatly interfered with by the elements on Saturday and very little of the program was carried out. The day dawned rather dark and cloudy and we had several showers in the morning, but about noon the clouds cleared away and it looked as though the afternoon would be pleasant. This so encouraged those in charge of the exercises that it was decided to march to the cemetery and carry out the program as previously arranged.

The line was formed with the marshals and aide on horseback followed by a few of the old soldiers in carriages. Then came several of the sturdy old veterans who proffered to walk, followed by the I. O. O. F., Smithport Hose Company and the members of the Smithport Schools, divided into grades under the direction of their respective teachers, the little ones taking the lead, and a very imposing parade it made.

During the march to the cemetery clouds were forming in the west and about the time everything was in readiness to begin the program a terrific storm broke over the hill, which completely drenched nearly everyone before the march could be made. It was one of the hardest storms we have had this year; many of the little children were badly frightened, and hundreds of dresses and suits were practically ruined. So many were drenched with rain that as soon as the storm subsided a little all sought their respective homes and dry clothing and no further attempt was made to carry out the program.

SERVICES AT COLLEGEVILLE.

The Memorial services at Collegeville last Friday evening were well attended. The following program was carried out:

Mrs. A. Anderson, organist for Sacred music; Singing by audience; Flag drill by ten young ladies, dressed in white with red and blue sashes and star crowns. Scripture reading and prayer by Rev. Wilson; Singing, "O God, Christian Soldiers"; Recitation by Mrs. Lawrence Herzig; "Lincoln's Address at the Dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery"; Singing, "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and flag drill chorus.

The address by Rev. J. Perkins of Collegeville was full of patriotism and much enjoyed by all the preceding songs and recitation. The flag drill was fine considering the short time given for practice. Mrs. J. Perkins conducted the drill and Mrs. A. M. Bartlett was organist for the march and drill. The young ladies made a success of their work. During the drill they sang "America" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Miss Bessie Heinemann gave a wreath of flowers for every soldier's grave. The flags were given by Frank H. Wilson of Olean, N. Y., father of Mrs. J. Perkins. He is a G. A. R. man and was in the Civil War, serving in the 11th Reg. Pa. Mr. Wilson has resided in Collegeville with flags for the past five years.

Mattison-Provin Nuptials.

At the home of the bride's parents in Olean, N. Y., on Thursday evening, May 28, 1908, Miss Elizabeth Vanette, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin, was united in marriage to Mr. Albert Mattison. Rev. J. H. Heber, Methodist rector of St. Luke's church, Smithport, performed the ceremony. Only the immediate relatives of the two families were present.

The groom is a prosperous traveling salesman, very highly spoken of by all who know him. The bride is a former Smithport young lady who made many warm friends here during her girlhood and young ladyhood. She is a handsome and charming young woman with many accomplishments, who numbers her friends in hosts, all of whom congratulate her husband on his choice. After a short honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Mattison will be at home in Olean after June tenth.

Holding Up.

The work of taking up the tracks of the Shawmut between Mt. Jewett and Hazeltown was stopped last Friday by orders of the Shawmut management.

This, very likely, comes as a result of the split between the Pennsylvania and Shawmut over the use of the tracks of the Pennsylvania company by the Shawmut between Coryville and Olean Junction; it being reported that the Pennsylvania has refused to renew the trackage lease which will compel the Shawmut to seek an outlet via Mt. Jewett to the N. E. & P. or Erie, until such time as a new line from Coryville may be constructed, connecting the two sections of the Shawmut at Olean Junction. —Mt. Jewett Herald.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

Mrs. CARLIE CLARK.

Subscribe for the MINER.

JOHN OLSON WAS FOUND NOT GUILTY

Of Killing His Daughter on the
Grounds of Insanity.

OTHER CRIMINAL COURT NEWS.

Three Judges Here and Two Courts
in Session—A Big List of Cases
—Will Probably Last Until
Saturday.

The regular June term of criminal court convened in the court house here at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, Judge Joseph W. Boutch presiding, assisted by Hon. John Ormrod of Connersport and Judge Pruyther of Crawford county.

TRIAL OF JOHN OLSON.

The first case to come before Judge Ormrod was that of John Olson, of Westport, for the killing of his nine-year-old daughter, Ethel, last February. The balance of Monday afternoon and evening was consumed in getting a jury which was finally composed of the following: L. G. Wheeler, Eldred; C. M. Gillette, Harmony Station; H. E. Allen, Bradford city; E. Stiefels, East Smithport; M. H. Thompson, Foster township; F. A. Brown, Bradford township; Melville Milliron, Oleville; B. G. McFall, Eldred; J. A. Bartholomew, Hazleton township; Dan Cooper, Kauting township; William Wilson, Ouster City; Fred Barton, Eldred.

The case was opened Tuesday morning. District Attorney Guy B. Mayo was assisted by Fred D. Gallup with the prosecution and John E. Mullin of Kane defended Olson. The Commonwealth introduced about 12 or 15 witnesses, who testified as to the killing of the little girl. The most important witness was Gertrude Olson, the 15-year-old daughter of the deceased. She swore that she and her sister went to bed at about nine o'clock on the night of February 17, and that about midnight she was awakened by someone coming into the room. Her father bent over her and she felt something cold on her cheek. She threw up her hand, to find that it was a razor, which cut a deep gash in that number. She lay down in the bed and ran out of the house to a neighbor's home and got help. Her sister said, "Don't, papa, don't." Her father had noted strangely for a few days previous.

Neighbors who came to her call testified that Olson met them at the door with a smile, holding two closed razors in his left hand. When asked where Ethel was he pointed back of the stove, where the child lay in a dying condition; with three lacerations in her throat and neck. The child was placed on a couch, where she died in a few minutes. Olson showed no concern and submitted to arrest quietly, with the exception that he did not want to give up the razors.

The defense was made on the ground of insanity, and several witnesses testified in support of this theory. Dr. Ormrod of Smithport and two doctors from Kane testified positively that Olson was insane. Other witnesses testified that he had been sick with the grippe previous to the tragedy and had acted strangely for several days. It was proved that he was a man of good character and habits and that he had always been kind to his motherless children. It was also shown that he had continually shown many indications of insanity since the murder.

The defense rested Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning the attorneys made their pleas. The case was given to the jury just before noon, and at 1:30 they returned a verdict of not guilty on grounds that he was insane. This verdict was expected by nearly everybody familiar with the facts.

OTHER COURT MATTERS.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Searmon, larceny, a true bill. Jury withdrawn, verdict of not guilty; county to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Marshall Butler, assault and battery, a true bill; defendant pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$25 and costs of prosecution and stand committed to the county jail until sentence is completed with.

Commonwealth vs. Evan Sherry; motion to nolle pro, granted.

Commonwealth vs. John Hayes; motion to quash indictment granted.

Commonwealth vs. John Jarish; motion to quash indictment granted.

Commonwealth vs. A. M. Root; motion to quash indictment granted.

Commonwealth vs. John Tolson; true bill; defendant tried and found not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Ira Hines, true bill; jury returned verdict of not guilty, but defendant to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Ralph Husted, true bill. Defendant pleaded guilty; sentence was suspended and prisoner released on his own recognizance until the October term.

Commonwealth vs. Edwin Wose, Wally Jack Walake and Jos Haseck, car robbery. The accused were tried and the jury found Wose and Walake guilty on the first and second counts and not guilty on the third count. Haseck was found not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John Sadayak, jury trial; guilty on second count of the indictment, receiving stolen goods.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel Chait, defendant was found guilty on the fourth count of the indictment, charging assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. W. H. Hoston, obstructing a highway, case continued until October term.

Commonwealth vs. Martin Dolan, not guilty and prosecutor, Mrs. Laura Bradshaw, to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel Jones, not guilty and county pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Osmolek, not guilty and the prosecutor, Louis Frick, to pay costs.

GRAND JURY FINDINGS.

Commonwealth vs. Roselle Green, larceny as before, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. W. Carr, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Oss, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. John Sedwick, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. John Setzer, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. A. C. Matthews, George Williams and Bert Tucker, true bill. These are the negroes charged with shooting in Bradford.

Commonwealth vs. Lester Bannan and George Golden, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. F. Banman and Tom Fletcher, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Ed. Golden, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Samuel Chait, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. William Mayberry, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Fred Truman, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Will Young, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. I. D. Chumplin, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Fred Davis, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Andrew J. Hoff, true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Edgar Grandall, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Ed. Bratz, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. T. J. Conners, true bill.

Murder at Johnsonburg.

The discovery of the body of George Pondolevagas who has been missing from his work and room here in town for the past two weeks, in the river at Ridgway yesterday morning with the throat cut and his pockets rifled, brings to light the fact that a foul murder was committed.

Pondolevagas, a native of the island of Crete, and who roomed over Shannen's store on Railroad street and was employed at the paper mills, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from his home on the night of May 18th, and search made by his friends failed to reveal his whereabouts. The fact that he was known to have a considerable sum of money on his person at all times led those who knew him to suspicion that he had met with foul play. Nothing however was heard of him until yesterday morning when three boys, Carl and Oscar Nelson and Carl Swanson of Ridgway, while boating on the Clarion river, near the Dynamite works, discovered his body floating in the river. They towed the body to shore and informed the authorities of their find.

The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker VanAken and removed to his rooms. Coroner E. B. Sharp and some of Pondolevagas' friends went to Ridgway on the afternoon B., R. & P. flyer. The remains were positively identified and a jury, empaneled by the coroner, it was found that the man's throat was cut from ear to ear and that his pockets were rifled and turned inside out. He was known to have had at least \$150 in a leather wallet strapped about his body under his clothing. This wallet was still on his person but had been opened and the money gone. His watch, however, was still in his pocket.

The inquest adjourned after the identification of the body until this afternoon, when a verdict will doubtless be rendered finding that the man had been premeditatedly murdered. It is said that there are persons under suspicion and arrests will probably be made. —Johnsonburg Breeze.

Grove City College—Summer Term begins June 23rd—lasts eight weeks. Largest summer school in Pennsylvania. Thirty-eight Professors and Lecturers (three from Great Britain) special work in English and Philosophy. Schools of Normal and Collegiate branches, Pedagogy, Music, Art, Commercial Branches, Stenography and Typewriting. Students can not pay any college desired \$10.00 will cover all necessary expenses. Address President Keller, Grove City, Pa.

Work at washing and ironing at home or on at also house cleaning. Apply to Mrs. Williams, N. Cumberland avenue.

Phonographs on easy payments, Pat. ace Pharmacy, Burg Chadwick, Piquette.

CONTRACT TO PAVE AWARDED ON MONDAY.

Gipp Construction Co. of Buffalo Will
Do the Work.

NO INJUNCTION PROCEEDINGS YET.

The Price Lower Than Previous Bids
—Contracts to be Signed by Both
Parties.—Then the Work
Will be Started.

At a meeting of the council Monday night the bids for paving a portion of Main street were carefully considered and it was finally decided to award the contract to the Gipp Construction Company of Buffalo. The bid of this company amounts to \$3.18 per square yard for a five-inch foundation of concrete and including curbing, excavating, filling and practically everything necessary to complete a first-class job of paving.

Now that the bid of the Gipp Construction Company has been accepted, and the bonds have been delivered to the Hamilton Bank & Trust Company and the money turned over to the credit of the borough, all that is necessary is for the contractors and proper officials to sign up the contract. This will probably be done in a few days and work should be commenced before the end of the month. So far as we can learn there are no new developments in this much-talked-of injunction proceedings.

At the price given in this bid we can lay about 14,000 square yards of pavement with the money raised on the bonds and still have a safe allowance left for engineering expenses and other incidental expenses. This will pave the six blocks in the business section 31 feet wide and about five blocks in the residential section 22 feet wide, without a cost of the donations.

However, it is an assumed fact that some of these donations will be paid to the hands of the borough treasurer as soon as the work is under way. And if all the donors will do likewise we can have a mile of paving on Main street before snow flies.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

The order of the corps, commencing at the right, was Slocum, Howard, Hancock, Doubleday, Sickles and Sykes. The ground was very strong, our artillery well placed along the summit right, many rocky ledges served our infantry for breastworks, and the order of battle was such as to facilitate re-enforcement of any part of the line, while Gen. Meade, in the center, was ready to handle his whole force with ease and promptness. Through our positions went all three of the direct roads to the south—Lee, caught by Meade's swift and decisive marching, with his direct retreat cut off, must either attack Meade instantly, endeavoring to overthrow him (which would have left open the road to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or anywhere else) retreat at immense disadvantage by roundabout ways, or sit still greater armies should meet him on the spot. Like a brave soldier, he chose the first; turn short about, and flung his whole great army determinedly against ours. It was not until six o'clock in the evening that the rebels charged. After a furious cannonade of two hours, answered with equal vigor by our guns from 40,000 to 50,000 then under fire and Longstreet came steadily and desperately up against Gen. Sickles' corps, which fought splendidly, but was driven slowly back by mere over-weight.

It was re-enforced successively by the Second corps under Hancock, the Fifth under Sykes, and by the aid of new batteries of guns, but still the rebels pressed steadily on rather close under our front after wavering once, and apparently were on the point of succeeding in crushing through our desperate defenses, when a new division from the Twelfth corps (Slocum's) came up, and at the same time Sedwick with the Sixth corps, and reached the ground after nearly thirty-six hours hard marching, and with ready bravery, on hearing the case, went straight down into the fight and won it. The rebels slowly retired, broken and exhausted. Just as this assault on our left center and left failed, Ewell's corps dashed at our right to take advantage of any weakening, there in aid of our left. More terrible if possible than on the other side of the hill, was the fighting here. The Twelfth corps was soon supported by the Sixth and First, relieved of Hill's and Longstreet's troops, and after obstinate fighting until nearly ten o'clock at night, Ewell's too was completely repulsed, and the bloody day's work ended, leaving Meade's noble army completely victorious at every point.

But Lee's powerful and veteran army was not beaten yet, though the roads to the South were shut; and on Friday he gave battle again, with undiminished

courage, but not without signs of fatigue. Thus it was our side which today opened fire; Slocum's troops, on our right center, opening fire at dawn on Ewell's, which had passed them so savagely the evening before. Ewell's force promptly answered to the call with a charge as fierce or fiercer than any of the day before; all the forenoon the hot combat continued, a heavy artillery fire being kept up on both sides, while the rebels made charge after charge in vain, until about 11 a. m. There was now a lull until about 3, when Lee opened a concentric fire on Cemetery Hill, the central and most northern points of Gen. Meade's position, and a three hours onslaught ensued, probably never surpassed for intensity on any battlefield this side the ocean. At its close, the rebel forces massed and charged again, straight to our center, but it is said, with visible loss of dash and spirit than before. The charging column, the rebel Gen. Armistead in command, moved toward Gen. Webb's brigade, of the Second corps. Webb's veterans repulsed the rebels with a fire that staggered them. Armistead halted them, a moment to steady his line, when Webb, with true soldier's instinct, cried, "Charge! the enemy is ours!" And dashing at them in front, portions of the First and Second corps flanked them so effectively, and with so deadly a fire, that Armistead and 5,000 of his men were captured on the spot, many of them being utterly cowed by their danger or under our fire as even to kneel or prostrate themselves and beg their lives. This annihilated that force. And it flushed the battle. No further column could be mustered to make a charge on the dreadful side of this Hill.

During the night of Friday Lee promptly made ready to retreat, and early on Saturday morning was precipitately hurrying toward Virginia, by the western end of Meade's position, by Hagerstown and Williamsport.

On our side were killed Major Gen. Reynolds and Brig. Gen. Zook; Francis Smith and Wood; and wounded, Major Gen. Doubleday, Hancock, Sickles and Doubleday and Brig. Gen. Gibbon, Webb, Caldwell, Warren, Hunt, Farnham, Meredith, Graham. Of the rebel losses in prisoners we only know thus far of Major Gen. Ewell and Brig. Gen. Longworth and Barckdale, killed; Brig. Gen. Heth and Arnold, wounded; and Brig. Gen. Armistead, a prisoner. But it is a great battle where on one side four generals are killed and thirteen wounded.

A Sad Accident.

In an automobile accident at Erie Saturday five of Franklin's prominent people were injured, one of them fatally.

The automobiles had left the Kalkwa club for Cambridge Springs. In the first were Mr. and Mrs. John A. Wilson, son, Edwin, and daughter; the second car Gen. Lambertson, Miss Helen Elvin, Mrs. Alfred Wilson, Mrs. Kathleen Wilson and Lorenz Barntow.

While crossing the tracks at the Campbell switch of the West Eighth street trolley line, the trolley car hit the Lambertson car at the door of the trolley, and caught the rear wheel with a screw. Under the seat was a 35 gallon tank of gasoline with a 70-pound pressure. The jar broke open the tank and in a second the car was on fire. Every person scrambled out, Kathleen Wilson alighting in the midst of a sheet of flames. She was taken to the Hamot hospital so badly burned that death came to her last Monday night at 11:05 o'clock. The others who were injured are:

Mrs. Helen Elvin, burned about the arms and legs, arm broken; Mrs. Alfred Wilson, a sprained ankle and burn about the face; Lorenz Barntow, badly cut about the hand; George Lambertson, son of R. G. Lambertson, head of the Lambertson National Bank of Oil City, burned about the arms and neck.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. They are recommended everywhere. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Big cuts of little cuts, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Be sure to get De Witt's. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Mrs. Park has recovered from her recent illness and will have her hair dressing and manicuring parlors open from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., and will be pleased to serve her patrons again.

Wanted.

Waitress at the Bay State Hotel, Bradford, Pa. Apply to or address, C. E. Hurley, proprietor.

Wanted.

A position at general housework in Smithport. Call on or address Barbara Shewhart, Center street.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

The Outsiders.

By TEMPLE DAILEY.

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A sudden tropical thunderstorm had sent all the women flying into the big hotel like a flock of snowy birds.

Peggy, following them slowly, met Armstrong on the wide porch.

"Word better hurry in," he said. "It will come down heavily in a minute."

"I don't care," Peggy informed him absently. "It pours."

"You'll spoil your gown," he admonished.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. "According to Palm Beach rules," she informed him, "my gown is already spoiled. It was spoiled before it was made, and the making only made it worse. In fact, it's dandy. I'm wearing a very dandy gown."

His quick glance questioned her, and then as he saw the laughter in her fine eyes his own brown eyes laughed back.

"At least it doesn't seem to worry you," he said.

"It did," she admitted as he drew two chairs back under the awning, and they sat looking out upon the rain. "It did awfully when I first came. Why, I think, Armstrong, I never dreamed of such clothes as the women wear here. It isn't just their dresses; it's their hats and the way they fix their hair and their complexions. They are like a lot of princesses."

"You needn't talk about complexions," Armstrong said absently; "you've got a complexion of your own."

"Well, at least it is my own," Peggy agreed. "But what's a complexion, Jimmie, without the clothes to set it off? Now, there's that pale blue chiffon with the rose-wreath border that just went by, and the dark gown with white roses around it, and her pale pink coral necklace. She looked forward impressively. "Attitude, do you think I would look in that gown?"

"Out of sight," said Jimmie promptly.

Peggy nodded. "I believe I would," she went on, "and at first it worried me that I couldn't have one just as it worked up that I had to pay 15 cents apiece for oranges when at last they are selling for 5 cents a dozen but it doesn't worry me any more."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I'm an outsider," she said. "Aunt Alma had to have just enough money to pay our board without any frills. But it is not her loss of good—the elegant and the chance to see things—and I simply made up my mind to get all out of it I could. And I can't have pretty things like the other women, so I just keep out and look on them as I would on a picture."

"I have all sorts of names for them—that restless, restless widow who affects red is the 'Crimson Rambler,' and the girl with the pink roses is 'Judy June,' and that girl in mauve is 'The Orchid'—and in that way I don't feel envious or hateful, and I don't care if my hair is out of curl or my dress old fashioned, for I am only in the audience and not a part of it."

She stopped, her cheeks glowing. Jimmie looked at her with admiration. "I am an outsider, too," was his statement. "A government stenographer out for a week's vacation with only one suit of white linen isn't in it."

Peggy laughed. "We are two of a kind," she said, "and now that you have come we'll forget envy and all uncharitable thoughts, and tomorrow morning we'll go together to the alligator farm."

But in the morning Jimmie came to her with apologies. "The secretary is here," he said, "and he has asked me to join his party on a trip up Lake Worth in his launch. I don't just see how I can refuse. Could we go to the alligator farm just as well tomorrow?"

"We could, but we won't," said Peggy promptly. "You mustn't neglect the secretary, Jimmie. You are inside now, and I am still outside, and—and the secretary's daughter is the girl who wore the pale blue and the roses yesterday."

"What do I care about the secretary's daughter?" Jimmie demanded savagely. "You know it's only because I can't afford to offend the secretary that I am not going with you, Peggy."

"Please don't worry about that," Peggy's tone was gay, but there was a hurt look in her eyes. "Aunt Alma is dying to see the alligators, and I am going to get a double basket chair and take her."

"And let me go along?" he reproached her.

"You can go along with the secretary's daughter," Peggy reminded him as she went away.

A half-hour later, Jimmie came to her in his own launch. Armstrong went to the pier. The secretary was there, big, bluff and hearty—and the secretary's daughter, all in white, her shining hair showing the touch of an expert hand and her light blue chiffon veil floating about her like a cloud.

All day long she was very nice to Jimmie, and by evening they had grown confidential.

"I am so glad father discovered you," she said as they came once more in sight of the waving royal palms, and the high towers of the beach. "You must go with us again tomorrow."

Armstrong hesitated.

"I like it awfully," he blurted out. "But I have a little friend here. We came from the same town and went to school together. It's pretty dull for

her, and I want to see that she has a good time."

"Doesn't she know anybody here?" asked the secretary's daughter.

"No," Armstrong said. "She can't dress like the people who have money, so she is out of the way of you as if you were pictures in an art gallery."

"Oh, how funny!" laughed the secretary's daughter.

"She called you 'Judy June,'" Jimmie told her, seeing her interest. "Last night when you were the roses, and the lady in red was the 'Crimson Rambler'—and the girl in mauve with the quiver dark skin was 'The Orchid.'"

"Oh, I must know her," said the secretary's daughter eagerly. "I am sure she is charming."

"She is," Jimmie declared, and then a little awkwardly, "I think she is just about right."

The secretary's daughter put out her hand. "I am sure you must," she said. "I am going to look for your friend in the morning."

Jimmie, in a glow of enthusiasm, immediately hunted up Peggy. He found her on the beach watching the white sails on the purple people sea. She had been there since and white bloom, and she looked like a little when among the birds of my plumage.

Armstrong dropped on the sand beside her.

"She's just lovely," he stated without preface, "and she's coming to call on you tomorrow morning. I told her we'd be on the porch at the Breakers, listening to the band."

Peggy blushed at that. "You may be there," she said, "but I shall not."

"Why not?"

"I'm an outsider," was the grim response.

"Peggy," he remonstrated, "she isn't a bit stuck up, and she's very sweet and nice."

Peggy looked at him reproachfully. "Jimmie," she said, with weariness, "I can't meet her. You're a man, and you can't understand how I should feel the contrast between my frumpy clothes and her daintiness. I didn't go to school yesterday—her lips quivered as I thought you and I could really make a pair. But now you're here, and you can't take me with you, Jimmie Armstrong."

"I am outside and I shall stay out," said Peggy, "but I shall stay out."

"But as they came into the sea green carriage of their own hotel the secretary's daughter met them. She was dressed for dinner in a trailing lace gown, with pearls about her throat and a wreath of little roses in her hair.

"Of course," she said to Armstrong, "I want to see you this morning."

"There was something in the compelling sweetness of her smile that brought a flashing response from Peggy."

"I can't," she protested. "Indeed, I cannot. You see," hesitating, "I am an outsider."

"No, you're not. There are a lot of people I want you to know," she turned and with a gesture brought to her side a young man who had been talking with the secretary at the foot of the stairs. "Harold," she said, "I want you to meet two friends of mine. They are going with us in the morning."

"Good," said the young man so heartily that Peggy liked him at the spot.

"Mr. Armstrong tells me that you have been sitting back quietly and calling us names," the secretary's daughter rallied.

"I have," Peggy confessed. "I have one right now for you."

"Tell me."

"The fair princess," said Peggy, with dancing eyes.

"Good," laughed Harold, and he and the fair princess exchanged glances that were a revelation to Peggy.

"I must go in to dinner," said the blushing beauty, "but you will go in the morning, won't you?"

"Yes," Peggy capitulated. "I'll go, and when they had swept on she turned to Armstrong."

"Why," she said breathlessly, "they aren't a bit different from us, Jimmie."

"Not a bit," said Jimmie complacently.

"And I believe she is going to marry him."

"Of course everybody knows that."

"I don't," said Armstrong, "but I love you, Peggy. I've told you so fifty times."

"And this makes fifty-one," Peggy counted demurely. "Make it fifty-two, Jimmie, and I'll say 'Yes.'"

And Jimmie did.

"Got even?"

"I had a woman enemy once," said the happy man. "She was leading me in the company when I was leading her. On the stage we were lovers, but off the stage we didn't even speak when we met. 'This true,' she pined, and 'this true.'"

"I had one scene with her in which I had to clasp her in my arms, sir, while her head sank upon my breast. I wore a frock coat and a beautiful light satin scarf. And what did that woman do?"

"She used, of course, to make up with grease paint, and when her head sank upon my breast she would rub her cheek against my tie, and—well, a light satin scarf, with red grease paint on it is not a thing of beauty. I had to buy a new tie for every performance."

"For five nights I stood it, but revenge is sweet. On the sixth evening I filled my scarf with pins, points out, and when my lady rubbed her cheek against my breast—"

"Sit, have you ever seen an underdone steak?"—London Express.

BASEBALL UMPIRES.

Kicking on Their Decisions Is as Old as the Game.

Much has been said and written about the habit that ball players have, and apparently cannot break themselves of, entirely, of disputing decisions of the umpire. The practice dates back for many years. As far back as 1820 in an account of a game between the famous Athletics of Brooklyn and the Excelsors there appeared the following:

"We hope to see the boys' play of disputing over the decision of umpires entirely done away with."

Many years have passed since that was written, and the players still dispute what in some quarters it is regarded should be the sacred decisions of the judges of play. Nowadays the best umpires in the game make allowance for the state of mind a player is in while engaged in a close contest.

The following extract is from a New York paper printed in 1807:

"They say that Jack's funny, but created while an excitement on Ann street. Dressed in a full muslin wig, he looks quite nutty. Scolded of the Haymakers did think about bringing the game over to the Union grounds to act as umpire in the Haymakers' Eckford game yesterday, but a young man named Moseley was found who answered nearly as well."—New York Tribune.

MEPHISTO'S RING.

A Jewel That Bears a Deadly Reputation in Spain.

It seems strange to read in these days of a ring which is believed to have an evil influence over its owner and which is known as "Mephisto's ring."

Yet such a ring exists, and until recent years was in possession of the Spanish royal family. The ring is set with a very large emerald, in the center of which is inscribed a ruby.

It is first heard of in the sixteenth century, since when the kings who owned it have suffered disasters untold, while the whole country has gradually sunk from its former brilliant position.

When the late Hispanic-American war broke out the ring was presented to a church. The sacred building shop after was destroyed by fire.

The next resting place of the ring was a museum, which was twice struck by lightning while holding the ill-fated jewel.

The final ring has now, it is said, been packed in a strong box and securely buried. It remains to be seen whether this will finally put an end to its "mephisto" power.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Problem in Numbers.

No one is known to have succeeded in finding two integral numbers such that the sum of their cubes would produce the cube of a whole number. The cubes of the first ten numbers give the following series: 1-8-27-64-125-216-343-512-729-1,000. This series may be prolonged indefinitely. The problem would then be to find two members of the series such that their sum is just equal to another member. Adding 125 and 216 we get 341, which is certainly pretty close to 343. Again, adding 216 and 512, we obtain 728, which is within a single unit of 729, another member of the series. Another example of being very close, but not exact, is that 729 plus 1,000 gives 1,729, which is but a single unit more than 1,728, the cube of 12. It will thus be seen that the first twelve cubes yield two cases where the approximation is, but a unit out of the way. As the possible cubes are infinite in number, it may seem worth while to prosecute the search.—Scientific American.

Trapped by Its Portrait.

If an old English writer be true in his observations, the pheasant must be a very simple bird, for he declares that it puts its head in the ground and thinks that all its body is then hidden. The same author says that it was also captured by another curious plan. A picture of the bird was painted on cloth and then placed in a spot where it was sure of being seen. By and by a silly pheasant coming along catches sight of the portrait and goes up to have a close view of the new neighbor. While engaged in inspecting the canvas the fowler draws near from behind and throws his net over the unwary art student.

The Danger of Riches.

More men have been ruined by affluence and its consequent temptations than have ever been wrecked on the rocks of poverty. To the rich man duty often loses its imperative voice, and he tampers with its claims and neglects its fulfillment, while all the time he is breeding greed and selfishness in his heart, to the detriment of his whole life.—Against all this and much more the man of relative poverty is defended and kept.—Strand Magazine.

Practical Sympathy.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress and concluded by saying:

"I could not but feel for him."

"Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor, but didst thou feel in the right place? Didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

Terrifying.

"Work never hurts anybody," said the industrious man.

"No," answered Plodding Pete, "but the most as hard to be scared as hurt."

Washington Star.

Among life's ups and downs the most annoying are keeping expenses down and appearances up.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy in Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children as it is pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative having expelling phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, hoarseness and all bronchial troubles. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Coleraine.

Changing First Impressions.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Until Nettie joined the Moonlight Maiden company, Dick Grantley had never given a derogatory thought to his padded stomach and his chin beard.

They were simply parts of his funny makeup, like the great grease paint and the long-haired wig which completed his resemblance to the German character type found only upon the stage.

In fact, Grantley had been rather proud of his makeup. There were certain little tricks and artifices which the other comedians did not seem to know and which completed his ludicrous appearance. Grantley rarely left the dressing room without taking a self-satisfied glance at himself in the mirror.

But Nettie's coming had changed all that. A score of chorus girls had come and gone since the company had opened, and their presence or absence had not affected Grantley at all. As the comedian he was not called for the rehearsals held for the benefit of the new girls. The stage manager drilled them in their songs and dances, and it was not always that Grantley noted a new face in the chorus ranks.

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and not hurt him very much, since he so soon forgot, which was exactly Grantley's purpose. But from that moment he hated the juddered stomach and the false hair which were his bread and butter.

He made no attempt to remove the discussion, and the weeks went past rapidly with no apparent change in their friendly relations. Nettie did not dream that beneath his fun Grantley nursed the sorrow she had caused and that only in the watches of the night did he give way to feelings none the less poignant because so successfully concealed.

Then came the lesson the girl needed. They were playing a small theater in a week of one night stands. At the marriage some gas-tanks used for color effects thrown up from beneath the stage in the last act exploded as the operator tried to start them up. He was the company's electrician and unaccustomed to handling calcium lights. An incorrect mixture of the gases, followed by a momentary panic of the man, had the change was done.

Flames burst through the traps to the stage, the dust on the fireproof scenery carried the fire to the rigging aloft, and the place was ablaze. It only remained for the stage hands to drop the fire-curtain, cut the slight ropes and then make for safety.

Once the skylights were against the dark drew the flames up to the roof and away from the auditorium; but, though this saved the audience, it meant death for the girls who were dressing on the top floor. The small theater was insufficiently supplied with dressing rooms, and the chorus was housed in an unfinished loft above the auditorium, usually given over to the storage of odds and ends. With the skylights open they were trapped.

paratively painless. 4. **Favorite Prescription** is a most potent, strengthening tonic for the general system, and especially for the digestive system, in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, nervous indigestion, nervous headache, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly female organs. It is the favorite tonic of the physicians of the several schools of practice, recommended by each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for their respective spheres of treatment. It is to be **care**. You may read what they say for **yourself** by sending a postal card request for a **free** booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. H. W. Elliott, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

When you see the animals in the park menageries pacing back and forth restlessly in their cages, do not take it for granted that the creatures are unhappy or even discontented. It may be that the lion or the tiger or the polar bear that moves about with apparently senseless activity is only taking his daily exercise, without which he would pine and die soon. When the wild creature can be left to realize his own

The Iron Duke has always been a mystery. I have read that he was six feet four inches tall. I have read also that he was only five feet six inches. Historians tell us he was anywhere from five feet six inches to five feet eleven inches. There are some things seemingly very simple which it is impossible to establish. This is one of them. Historians are still guessing the height of Julius Caesar, the size of Alexander's head, the weight of Adam's apple, the weight of a stone, the dimensions of Solomon's Shrine, we are not even sure of the stature of George Washington. It might be believed that Napoleon, Alexander the Great and Jay Gould were of the same size, therefore the bold, Frederick the Great, Robert Brown, Sir William Wallace, General Winfield Scott and Richard Coeur de Lion were all top notchers. "Old Fuss and Feathers," famed for the peculiarity of nature, leading in girth and weight—New York Press.

ed from him a promise always

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McConeghy of Condersport have just reasons to be proud. Four of their children, two sons and two daughters, graduate this year. Their son Robert, as a physician from Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia; Miss Tillie from a training school for kindergarten work, and Daniel, Jr., and Miss Frances from the high school at Condersport.

Nature has provided the stomach with certain natural fluids known as the digestive juices, and it is through these juices that the food we eat is acted upon and broken down to produce the nourishment that flows through the veins and blood that flows through the vessels of our body and thereby makes us strong, healthy and robust, and it is the weakening of these digestive juices that destroys health. It is our own fault if we destroy our own health, and yet it is so easy for any one to put the stomach out of order. When you need to take something take it promptly, but take something you know is reliable—something like Kodol—purely reliable and digestion. Kodol is pleasant to take, it is reliable and is guaranteed to give relief. It is sold by L. L. Rogers.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, are sold by I

Purples for Backache, little gold globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys a bladder. 30 days' trial \$1.00. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each week.
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Deaths, marriages and death notices inserted free.
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Address all communications to:
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Proprietor.
Smethport, Thursday June 4, 1908.

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CAPT. O. F. BAROLAY
of Smithport
FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HARGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. MCKEAN
of Smithport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smithport

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BENT J. STARKS
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of Smithport

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FRANK R. FOSTER
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FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
W. H. MARY
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FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ARBRY
of Smithport
ALBERT L. ANDERSON
of Clarion

The Erie County Company's plant was destroyed by fire Tuesday night. The loss is estimated at \$200,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The motion of the defense to take the Capital contract out of the hands of the jury was overruled by Judge Kunkel on Monday and the case is now being stubbornly fought out.

Reverendness are beginning to gather in Chicago for the great National convention, which opens on June 15th. This will be one of the most notable ever held in this country.

Governor Johnson seems to have hope of being the next Democratic nominee for President but William Jennings Bryan seems to have the delegates, and delegates count more than hope in a Democratic convention.

Within the last year 306 newspapers in the United States have suspended publication. The high price of paper and the increased cost of material and production, with "sharper" competition are given as the causes for these journals going to the wall.

The Kansas State University has a school of journalism, and recently the advanced class undertook to edit the Lawrence Journal, and the Lawrence Gazette says of the experiment: "The whole edition was a fake, and was prompted by greed and a love for the sensational. There has been a sorry row between the alleged editors and the publishers of the papers for several days, and thus has been a town row started that has caused more ill-feeling than has been known in the city before for years." University schools of journalism and correspondence schools of journalism may turn out journalists, but newspaper men are made in the school of experience.

The Austin Autograph of last week contains a long article which tends to show that the Potter County Home for the poor is being conducted in anything but a satisfactory manner. Over the signatures of former employees of this institution tales of neglect and cruelty to the county charges are published, which, if true, should put all concerned to shame. Editor Caskey recommends that an investigation be made and these evils remedied. By all means and no time should be lost in getting at it. The county poor are entitled to warm rooms, clean clothes, bodily cleanliness and good, pure, wholesome food, and if they are not getting these necessities, those to blame should be brought to account without delay.

FRANK MERRITT of New York is the kind of a hero no soldier needs. He has surrendered his body in the interest of science and has allowed a physician to inoculate him with the germ of tuberculosis in the hope that a preventative cure for that dreaded disease. "My action was voluntary," says Merritt, "and I hope that as a result of the experiment a preventative and cure for tuberculosis may be found. My condition will be watched from hour to hour, and at a certain stage of the disease efforts will be made to cure me and the doctor expects to be pretty sure that he can do it." "Of course I am not anxious to die, but I feel like doing what I have done in the interest of humanity and science."

Ostrander Reunion.
The annual Ostrander reunion took place somewhat earlier than usual this year on account of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ostrander of San Francisco being present, and who expect to leave here Monday. The reunion was held Wednesday at the old homestead, the residence of Byron Ostrander, and about 61 were present. A delicious dinner was served in the apple orchard, and the reunion was a most happy and enjoyable event. The following were the guests present: Mr. and Mrs. Byron Ostrander and sons, Arthur, Clayton, Matthew and Roy; Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ostrander and son, Ray, and daughter, Mrs. Ray Abbey; Mrs. Philip Freeman of Bradford and her children, Ruth and Jennette. Of Smithport there were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Thomas and Myrtle, Edna, Roy, Claire, Olive, Vera; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Abbey and Clyde, Cora and Russel; Dr. Wm. Ostrander; Mrs. Marshall and Miss Catherine Oviatt; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Stanley and sons, William and Freeman; also Mrs. Stanley's brothers, Ernest and Byron, and sisters, Anna, Belle and Hazel. Anthony Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown and children, Rex and Mahel; Mrs. Pinyon Grimes and daughter, Odessa; Mrs. Henry Ostrander and baby; Ruth; Mrs. Mortimer Benson, daughter, Lena; Mrs. Mortimer Wagner, Florence, Wallace Benson and son, Claude, of Connersport. Jesse Bowers, photographer. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ostrander of San Francisco, Ronito Recorder.

Commencement at Clarion Normal.
The State Normal School at Clarion, Pa., will celebrate its twenty-first anniversary at the Commencement June 19 to 24.
The festivities will begin with the Principal's reception to the Senior Class on Friday evening, June 19. Saturday evening, the Franklin and Hampshire Literary Societies will have a contest on recitation, oration, essay and debate. Sunday will be Baccalaureate day. Rev. Cornelius Wachtel, D.D., of the Rochester Theological Seminary, will preach the baccalaureate sermon at 10:30. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Christian Association will have a commemorative service. On Monday afternoon, a brilliant campus program will be given by the classes in physical training. On Monday evening, the lovers of music will look forward to the concert by the music department. Tuesday is Alumni Day. The classes of 1888, 1890, 1892 and 1894 will have their reunion and special meetings. The alumni reception will be at 5:30 and the banquet at 7:30. On Wednesday morning the graduating exercises will be held. The commencement address will be delivered by Dr. William Owen, professor of Latin Language and Literature in Lafayette College. The Class Day exercises, which are also a feature of the commencement week, will be held Tuesday afternoon.

Simple Life Colony.
A simple life colony to be located near Vera Cruz, Mexico, neither male nor female colonists to wear anything but amorphous, all hands to subsist on fruits and nuts, with no other care or object in life than the improvement of the race, is the dream of Gustaf H. Anders, a former government clerk in Sweden, who claims to have discovered James Eads How, the millionaire hobo, and other men of means in the project. Anders claims to have secured 50 converts to his simple life theories and expects to have not less than 500 when he is ready to sail for the new tropical Eden on September 1. Speaking of the plans for the colony Mr. Anders said: "When we get to Mexico we will get rid of our clothes. Of course some of us will hold on to a few bits, but when we have become pure in heart we will have no need for even fig leaves." "A person, I have observed after careful study, is always more healthy when he allows the air to circulate over his skin and we intend to turn out the healthiest, happiest human being in the world."

Advertised Letters.
List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 30, 1908.
J. Davidson, Dan Dwyer, Emmet Gorton, Jack Hixenbaugh, Walter Hixenbaugh, Stephen Irons (3), Claude Irons, Locke Machine Works, Hon. Fred C. Leonard.
Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.
J. O. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles, relieves pain, soothes, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.
Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Man Zan
Piles
Quick relief for bites and stings of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that there are several symptoms of kidney trouble, and that by relieving them they can do it. "Of course I am not anxious to die, but I feel like doing what I have done in the interest of humanity and science."

For Sale.
A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of
JAMES QUINN.

Ordinance No. 74.
AN ORDINANCE PROVIDING FOR THE OUTLAWING OF FIREWORKS AND THE GIVING OF BONDS BY ANY PERSONS, FIRMS, ASSOCIATIONS OR CORPORATIONS WHO SHALL HEREINAFTER TAKE UP OR UNDERTAKE ANY FIREWORKS STREET IN THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT.
Section 1. Be it enacted and it is hereby ordained by the Borough and Council of the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, that any person, firm, association or corporation who shall, for the purpose of the ordinance, take up or undertake any paved street or portion thereof in said borough, shall before the taking up of said street or portion thereof, deposit with the Borough Council a written permit and shall give bond to the said Borough in the penal sum of \$500 for the proper care and removal of said fireworks, and sufficient securities conditioned for the proper care and removal of said fireworks to the satisfaction of the Borough Council or its authorized agents.
Section 2. Be it enacted and it is hereby ordained by the Borough and Council of the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, that any person, firm, association or corporation who shall, for the purpose of the ordinance, take up or undertake any paved street or portion thereof in said borough, shall before the taking up of said street or portion thereof, deposit with the Borough Council a written permit and shall give bond to the said Borough in the penal sum of \$500 for the proper care and removal of said fireworks, and sufficient securities conditioned for the proper care and removal of said fireworks to the satisfaction of the Borough Council or its authorized agents.
Section 3. Be it enacted and it is hereby ordained by the Borough and Council of the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, that any person, firm, association or corporation who shall, for the purpose of the ordinance, take up or undertake any paved street or portion thereof in said borough, shall before the taking up of said street or portion thereof, deposit with the Borough Council a written permit and shall give bond to the said Borough in the penal sum of \$500 for the proper care and removal of said fireworks, and sufficient securities conditioned for the proper care and removal of said fireworks to the satisfaction of the Borough Council or its authorized agents.
Section 4. If the Council shall so direct, the Borough shall refuse the grant of said permit for such amount as the Council shall direct.

Ordinance No. 75.
AN ORDINANCE TO PROVIDE FOR THE ALTERATION OF THE BOUNDARY OF WATER AND GAS MAINS IN ANY STREET ABSENT TO BE PAID BY THE PERSONS, FIRMS, ASSOCIATIONS OR CORPORATIONS WHO SHALL HEREINAFTER TAKE UP OR UNDERTAKE ANY STREET IN THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT.
Section 1. Be it enacted and it is hereby ordained by the Borough and Council of the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, that any person, firm, association or corporation who shall, for the purpose of the ordinance, take up or undertake any paved street or portion thereof in said borough, shall before the taking up of said street or portion thereof, deposit with the Borough Council a written permit and shall give bond to the said Borough in the penal sum of \$500 for the proper care and removal of said fireworks, and sufficient securities conditioned for the proper care and removal of said fireworks to the satisfaction of the Borough Council or its authorized agents.

Ordinance No. 76.
AN ORDINANCE PROVIDING FOR THE OUTLAWING OF FIREWORKS AND THE GIVING OF BONDS BY ANY PERSONS, FIRMS, ASSOCIATIONS OR CORPORATIONS WHO SHALL HEREINAFTER TAKE UP OR UNDERTAKE ANY FIREWORKS STREET IN THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT.
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AN ORDINANCE PROVIDING FOR THE OUTLAWING OF FIREWORKS AND THE GIVING OF BONDS BY ANY PERSONS, FIRMS, ASSOCIATIONS OR CORPORATIONS WHO SHALL HEREINAFTER TAKE UP OR UNDERTAKE ANY FIREWORKS STREET IN THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT.
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Ordinance No. 78.
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Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$298,000.00
Resources about \$800,000.00

This Bank
Conducts a General Banking business. Pays interest on time deposits. Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates. Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world. Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

Man Zan
Piles
Quick relief for bites and stings of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Report of the Condition.
OF
THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PENNSYLVANIA, AS OF CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 10, 1908.

RESOURCES.
Cash, specie and notes \$17508 40
Due from approved reserve agents 07350 25 \$75228 65
Checks and cash items 1498 50
Due from Banks and Trust Co's, not reserve agents 182 91
Commercial and other paper purchased 210648 81
Time loans upon collateral 38284 01
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve funds, viz: Stocks, bonds, etc. 187000 00
Mortgages and judgments of record 38917 85 19047 83
Real estate 17228 00
Furniture and fixtures 254 60
Overdrafts 587964 09

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in \$50000 00
Surplus fund 100000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid 9418 00
Deposits, subject to check, and due to the Commonwealth 275228 65 \$455000 15
Deposits, special 10 00
Dividends unpaid 101 50
Contingencies and doubtful checks out- standing 587964 09

CORPORATE TRUSTS.
Total amount (i. e. face value) of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages, executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure loans of corporate funds, including Equipment Trusts, \$45000 00
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA: COUNTY OF MCKEAN.
J. Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
(Signed) J. RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1908.
(Signed) HALLIE WALKER, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: (Signed) HENRY HAMLIN, CLARK MCKEAN, F. D. GALLUP, Directors.

RAILROAD WATCHES
We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 31 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, shocks and strain of the railroad business.
KERR
Main St. Smethport

Do you know
that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern
Photographs
ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.
I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied, with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow
East Main St. Smethport, Pa.

Photographs
ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.
I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied, with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Photographs
ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.
I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied, with the proofs it costs you nothing.

MOVE
THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL BERRY LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A

New Spring Hats
Swell Clothing
New Neckwear
Everything up-to-date for Men.
We Like Lookers.
H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS
ONIONS | **LETTUCE**
RADISHES | **CUCUMBERS**
CELERY | **SPINACH**
TOMATOES | **STRAWBERRIES**
Fresh Every Day at
ANDORFER & LYLE'S
Grocery

STATIONERY
One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipts. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.
McCoy's Drug Store
IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

NEW GROCERY MANAGEMENT.
White Diamond flour
It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.
Having purchased the Grocery Business of A. E. Foster & Co., I am prepared to cater to all of the former customers, also to all new ones that are looking for the best of goods at the lowest prices.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

Oscar Engstrom.
Go to Mrs. Spring's for your Millinery.
Everything of the Latest and up-to-date at the Lowest Prices. Being connected with a leading New York store will receive goods every week. Call and get convinced. Seeing is believing.
Next to Green's Grist Mill on Hill St. Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

H. C. BEMIS
Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work
Planing Mill & Retail Lumber
Estimates furnished from plans and specifications
Inquiries and inspection solicited.
Both Phones

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford.** SMETHPORT

The Mysterious Signature.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1904, by Associated Literary Press.

"The modern bungalow is a defensible and a snare."

"Suburbanities are an unhealthy, childish lot."

There did Harriet and Pierce Elkins respectively sum up their first month at Meadow Manor, where, on the advice of old family friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Rogers, they had taken a picturesque bungalow for the season.

Harriet based her judgment on warping doors and a shortage in books and other small domestic essentials, summing up with the announcement that when women turned architects houses would be properly planned.

Her brother founded his criticism on the fact that the young woman whom he had nominated as the Meadow Manor beauty had so far ignored his very existence. She boarded the 8:30 train with him five days out of seven and yet seemed to hold herself aloof not only from him, but all other masculine creatures.

She was a most competent young person and never gave him the least opportunity to do her a service. In his determination to make an opportunity for knightly service he ignored the friendly overtures of other neighbors.

At last opportunity appeared on a horizon. Pierce had taken the 2:30 train home in hopes of getting a turn on the links to counteract the depressing effects of falling stocks, and there, walking briskly ahead of him under the arching trees of the quiet village, was the inaccessible beauty. And in the dusk in the right of her dimly uplifted skirt lay a handkerchief. Pierce Elkins darted forward.

"I beg your pardon, but I think you dropped this."

The girl glanced first at the man, then at the bit of cambric in his hand, and smiled.

"But I did not drop it," she said, and in verification of the statement pulled her handkerchief from her sleeve.

Mumbling inaudible words of apology, Pierce turned down the opposite street toward home. Even gold did not improve his humor, and the next morning at breakfast his mood had not changed.

"Will you have two things?" asked Harriet as she was pouring the coffee. "Seventeen," growled Pierce.

"Seventeen, all in one cup?" cried Harriet in amazement.

"I thought you asked me the day of the month," explained Pierce. "Two will do. The Twenty-Eight, I did not sleep well last night, and my brain is befuddled. That blamed roof leaked again, and the rain came right in on my head. I've decided not to go to town this morning, but instead I'm going round to see old Elkins and tell him what I think of him."

"The roof over the kitchen leaked, too," said Harriet placidly. "You might mention that also."

"What's the beauty's name?" asked Pierce.

"I really don't know," Harriet answered. "The bill, come in signed 'M. M., per Elkins & Co.'"

"Well, I'm not brother Elkins & Co. for they are like all agents," said Pierce. "I want the man higher up the owner himself. M. M., he misused 'I bet his name is Mike Murphy, and I'll wager that I'll rouse his Irish before I get through with him.'"

"He lives in the little white bungalow on Maple avenue," Mr. Elkins pointed out to him. "Directed Harriet as her brother started on his mission."

Pierce soon found the bungalow and rang the bell. He waited a moment, and then rang again. He was in no mood to wait. From the hall inside a voice called. "Coming, coming!"

And she came—the beauty!

Pierce gasped. He had, evidently, made another mistake.

"I am looking for our missing handkerchief," he explained. "I really don't know his name—some Irish contractor, I'll bet, ashamed to sign his real name."

"Sit down on the porch, won't you, Mr. M.?" She hesitated. The beauty would make no mistakes.

"Elkins is my name—Pierce Elkins, and I fear I have made a mistake. My sister and I live in the little red cottage on New Street. I'm searching for our handkerchief, and you are unknown, but methods atrocious. Really Miss—Miss—"

Now Pierce hesitated.

"Markwell," she added.

"This landlord signs his receipts 'M. M., and I'm after his blood,'" finished Elkins.

"Won't you sit down?" again suggested Miss Markwell, and she deftly turned the conversation into more agreeable channels. The landlord was forgotten.

"I wonder if your sister would like to know us?" said the beauty finally. "I know it is my place to call, but I rather hesitated—well, for several reasons."

"Oh, I do wish you would call on Harriet! She's a brick all right and as honest as a strap cut. No one has called yet."

"Well, I'll come over this afternoon while you are on the links," said Miss Markwell, with some emphasis about the links.

But when Miss Markwell called that afternoon it was Pierce who answered the bell.

"You see, I've such a fearful cold from that leaking roof," he explained, "that I thought I had better stay home and nurse it."

Miss Markwell said her lips.

"I do hope, Miss Elkins," she said, "that I may be allowed to see this much talked of roof while I am here."

The fact is," she continued, with rather halting speech—"the fact is, off-brother-in-law your landlord."

Pierce took a firm grip on the table to keep from losing his balance. Neither he nor Harriet spoke, and the beauty was forced to cover the pause.

"I'm the Terrible Turk," Mr. Mike Murphy, alias Muriel, Markwell, alias 'M. M.'," she seemed quite relieved that the awful news was out.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" This from Pierce.

"Who would think it?" This from Harriet.

"You see, I built these four houses as an investment with some money that father left to me," explained 'M. M.' "And now, Mr. Elkins, if you will come with me we will hunt up a roof man and have the repairs done right away. I am tired of agents. I want to be an old-fashioned landlord and take good care of my tenants."

She smiled an irresistible smile. Monday found the men at work, and 'M. M.' dropped in to see how things progressed. Tuesday morning she looked for Elkins on the 8:30 train, but he was not in evidence. Wednesday it was the same story, and that afternoon Muriel thought she would make another tour of inspection. Harriet met her at the door with rather a long face.

"The ceiling fell in Pierce's room on Monday night, and his arm is broken," was her greeting.

"Oh, Miss Elkins," cried Muriel, "I feel for all the world like a sufferer at large. What am I to do?"

"Suppose you come up and see Pierce. Perhaps he can suggest a way out of it," said Harriet, with sisterly interest.

"They found Pierce lying back in a Morris chair reading the latest issue of a magazine. He made a very interesting picture with his bandaged arm and his smoking jacket thrown about his shoulders."

"What can I say?" said Muriel as she reached forth a supplicating hand to meet his free one.

"I don't know what you can say, but there's a heap of things you can do," boldly asserted the invalid.

"Anything—anything!" cried Muriel.

"Well, all right, for one thing," said Pierce as he pulled a chair very close to her. She sat down beside him, and it was twilight when she left.

It was a matter of some time in the neighborhood that Mr. Elkins nursed a broken arm for the longest time on record. When neighbors inquired of the local doctor how the patient progressed, the doctor shook his head and smiled.

"A serious case," was his only comment—"a very, very serious case."

A Sudden Drop in Values.

One of these blinding snowstorms that sometimes happen and sweep over the town, scattering the landscape and plugging the drains high along the streets, and on the sidewalks.

The prospect was Mr. Elkins looked out of his front window the morning after the storm was settling.

"I suppose I've got to shovel that snow off my walks," he said to his wife, "but I don't do it for \$5 if I didn't have to."

He took his snow shovel, however, and went bravely to work. About five minutes later a man in the garb of a laborer came along.

"Master," he asked, "don't you want to hire that done?"

"I don't know," responded Mr. Elkins. "What will it cost me?"

The man looked at the huge drifts that covered the walks for a depth of nearly three feet and shrugged his shoulders.

"The job's worth \$1," he said.

"It's too much," said Mr. Elkins. "I'll give you 50 cents."

The man shook his head and moved on. Mr. Elkins was about to resume operations when he happened to glance at his front window and saw his wife looking at him with a queer smile on her face. Then he remembered.

"Hold on!" he called out. "Come back here, my friend! I'll give you the dollar!"—Exchange.

Admonished.

On Saturday night Elkins Daugherty announced that he should call upon a sick friend. Accordingly he gave his money to his wife and departed. Nine o'clock came—10; still he did not return. At 5 in the morning the bell sounded.

"Be it shades at St. Patrick's, Muriel, your a sight!" gasped Mrs. Daugherty as she viewed the battered figure of her belated spouse, who, with head tightly bandaged, one arm in a sling, and his right eye done in court plaster, limped painfully into the room. "Phew! happened to you?"

"Me an' Chris Schultz had a little argument down at Flannigan's."

"Argument, is it? An' th' loikes at ye? he after gittin' licked he wun at thim' wunsel faced, shpindle shanked Dutchman?"

"Whisht, Maggie!" returned Mike softly. "Niver shpake, disrepectful at ye dead!"—Judge.

A Sponge Garden.

"My prosperity is due," said the foreigner. "To a garden, a submarine garden, a garden of sponges that I own in the Mediterranean." He twiddled his fingers so that the diamond flashed on his brown hands.

"Yes, I am very rich," he said complacently. "I own from my garden about \$30,000 worth of sponges a year. It is a large garden. From the Syrian coast it extends to—oh, an incredible distance. You didn't know we planted sponges like potatoes. Men own sponge beds in the Mediterranean as they own apple beds in the Chesapeake bay. Only sponges are more lucrative than apples. They fetch from \$1 to \$10 a pound. It takes a sponge after planting three years to mature. The best depth for a sponge garden is 150 feet."—New York Press.

Rees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Talbot Pharmacy, Southampton, and C. A. Anderson, Onondaga.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A KING'S CARRIAGE.

Old Fashioned and Elaborate Vehicle Used in England.

England's state carriage is one of the most costly and splendid in the world. It was built in 1901 at a cost of \$30,000 on the occasion of the marriage of George, III, and has ever since carried the English kings and queens on all high state occasions. Sir William Chambers designed the vehicle, which weighs four tons.

Despite its many years' service its great wheels, gear and body are said to be as sound as when built, and it looks as if it would go on forever. Steel springs were unknown when the coach was built, and its ponderous yet dainty, luxurious body is suspended on leather braces, not unlike those of the old Concord stagecoaches of America. Its balance is so perfect that a touch of the finger is enough to set the body swinging on the big, creaking straps which brace the elevated and glided triform supporting the driver's seat and hammer cloth. The length of the vehicle is twenty-four feet, and it is twelve feet high.

The elaborate carvings cost more than the carriage proper. The coach builder's bill having been less than \$10,000, while that of the carver was more than \$10,000. Something of the character of the ornamentation may be guessed from the fact that the artist Chapman received \$1,500 for painting the panels and that the tape makers charge was about \$1,000, the crimson satin interior of the carriage being most elaborately upholstered.

The preparation of the royal equipage for state occasions is a red sight. Six pairs of milk white horses from the royal stud are always used, and all wear false tails. The coachman, in powder and curls, mounts his seat with the aid of a ladder, but does not usually drive, postillions on the horses and state groomers who walk beside them being in command of the team—Philadelphia Press.

YOUNG COCOANUTS.

The Trick of Opening Them as Practiced by the Tahitians.

"Thinking a coconut is one of the simplest looking operations in the world, but I have not seen the white man who could do it effectively."

When the coconut is in her hand, the native of Tahiti is apparently born with the trick.

A stick is sharply pointed at both ends, and one end is firmly set in the ground. The nut is then taken in the hands and struck with a hidden and terrific movement combined on the point of the stick, so as to split the shell, intensely touch, covering of delicate perforations that permits the nut.

The nut comes forth white as ivory, slightly the same shape and size as the brown coconut, that is, a slip to England and America. But much younger and more tender, for only the smallest of the nut, which are not wanted in the island for cooking, are generally exported.

A large knife is used to crack the top of the nut all around, like an egg-shell, and the drink is ready, a drop of pure water, slightly sweet and just a little nutty, if the nut has been plucked at the right stage.

There is no pleasanter or more refreshing drink in the world, and it has not the least likeness to the milk contained in the cocoanuts of commerce. No native would drink from old nuts for fear of illness, as they are considered too unwholesome and unwholesome. Only the milk of half grown nuts is used for drinking, and even these will sometimes hold a couple of drops of poison.

The water of the young coconut is food and drink in itself, being much nourishing matter held in solution. On many a long day of hot and weary travel I have come to bless the refreshing and restoring powers of heavenly best gift to man in the tropics, the never failing coconut.

Settled the Ownership.

"There was a young old Judge who used to live in the 'Time Tree State,' said a lawyer. "One of his decisions called him the title of the 'Malice Sloggy.' Two women came before this magistrate with a fine, fat pullet, each declaring that it belonged to herself. The magistrate from his high seat frowned heavily at the first woman. 'Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Jones?' he asked her. 'No, indeed, it don't,' she replied. Then he turned to the other woman. 'Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Smith?' 'It certainly does not,' the second woman replied.

"The pullet," the magistrate then decreed, "does not belong to Mrs. Jones, nor does it belong to Mrs. Smith. The pullet is mine. Janitor, take it round to the house and give it to my cook!"

A Great Change.

"First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—Ah, my dear, you challenged me to fight a duel. Second Gentleman (entering)—I did, sir. First Gentleman—And I told you that I had just got married and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard. Second Gentleman (haughtily)—I remember, sir. First Gentleman (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have changed. Any time you want to fight let me know. Human life.

Beneficial Exercise.

"Are you taking any exercise for your health?" asked the wife of the fox.

"Oh, yes," responded the latter, "and I am improving rapidly! I am taking part in an amateur country club fox hunt."—Baltimore American.

It is called strong drink because it can throw any man who tucks it.—Dallas News.

Angel's Fad.

By ANNA MUNSON.

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Michael Angelo's portrait was his name, and the diminutive of "Angel," bestowed upon him by a doing mother, was well applied. At least this was the opinion of other tenants in the big Burlington apartment house.

Angel was eight years old, but he scarcely looked six, with his long golden curls and ethereal beauty. In his velvet suits he suggested some child of the Little Lord Fauntleroy period held over into an age of Buster Browns.

Mrs. Dimmick was possessed of a theory that as the child is named so the tastes incline, and she had set her heart upon his being a painter.

Angel's splashy water colors were carefully preserved in a huge portfolio against the day they should become the priceless mementos of a world famous painter's youth.

The only child of a widowed mother, Angel was about as badly spoiled as a boy could be and yet escape the reform school, but his seraphic countenance and his big, innocent eyes had enabled him to successfully lie out of complicity in many juvenile crimes. Though the small boys of the block invariably explained that Angel was the instigator of all the mischief, even their own fond mothers believed them to be in a conspiracy to destroy the fair fame of the model child.

Angel was quick to perceive his popularity, and with unerring instinct, he found his way for those apartments where candy and cake were to be had. He seemed to know when callers with offerings of candy had visited the different young women, and his own calls were scheduled for the following day.

His one exception was Nannie Dimmick. Nannie seldom entertained callers of the sort Angel most approved. No five pound boxes of sweets lay upon her table, and no great masses of flowers scented the room. Yet Angel liked best of all to visit at the Dimmicks.

He was not alone, for there was a certain tenderness in Nannie Dimmick's manner of which Angel approved most highly.

"She always looks like she's going to cry," he had told his mother in an endeavor to discuss the girl's peculiar charm. "She looks like she's going to cry, but she doesn't. She just looks like you might find her crying, and you feel glad and sorry all at once."

Clearly this blending of emotions appealed to Angel, for he was a regular visitor to the Dimmick apartment, and the girl found comfort in his presence.

Nannie simply needed comfort, for the loss of her mother, who died when she was twelve, had left her with a word from Arthur Ryder. When he had come to live with his two aunts with happiness to tell her that he had found his chance at last, that the firm had decided to send him on a tour of the African and Asiatic countries to introduce their wares, it had seemed that fate, with kindly hands, had swept barriers from his path.

"It will be the making of me," Arthur had explained. "I start at Cape Town and work up the east coast of Africa, then cross to Asia and go up to China. It will take about eighteen months, but if I make a success I shall be taken into the firm and we can be married, dear."

Mrs. Dimmick had refused to listen to an engagement. "Time enough for that when Arthur comes back," she had told them. An engagement of a year and a half would be worse than useless.

It would deprive Nannie of many pleasures, and no formal engagement was really necessary. If they both were of the same mind, when Arthur should return there should be no opposition to a short engagement and an early marriage.

And so Arthur had gone on his long journey with gladness in his heart, for Nannie had assured him that it did not need the formality of ring and announcement to ratify the promptings of his heart.

First had come glowing letters from London and from Cape Town, letters that breathed of hope and love, and then blank silence. For more than a year not a letter in the familiar handwriting had been received, though an inquiry at the office of the firm elicited the information that Mr. Ryder was not only alive, but exceedingly well, according to his reports to the home office.

Mrs. Dimmick had stormed at what she had termed his discourtesy, but Nannie would not listen to her mother's urgings that she go more into society and forget the affront.

In spite of everything she still loved Ryder, though pride forbade her to confess that fact even to herself, and she had no heart for the bustle and stir of social events. She preferred to stay at home and tell Angel the fairy stories in which he delighted.

She was telling for the hundredth time one of his favorite tales when Mrs. Dimmick came into the room with an envelope.

"A cablegram for you," she announced coldly.

With trembling hands Nannie opened the blue and white envelope and drew out the slip. Her expression changed as she read.

"It is from Arthur," she said quietly. "He is sailing from Japan."

"Much good may it do him," was the unsympathetic reply. "This is a nice time to hear from him! It's more than a year since he stopped writing. I suppose that you will let him give you

some shiny excuse and be as crasy about him as ever."

"It will take a very excellent excuse to explain his long silence," said Nannie dully. "Unless he has some legitimate reason to offer I shall refuse to see him."

Gently she put Angel from her lap and slipped off to her room. Angel watched the last of the little cakes brought in for his refreshment and took his departure.

Some weeks later Angel, playing about the lobby, observed a stranger enter and draw near to the telephone desk to learn his destination. Angel was interested in seeing and good looking strangers as a possible increase to the number of purveyors of candy.

His face took on an expression of surprise as the operator returned an answer that Miss Dimmick was not at home.

"She was there a little while ago," insisted Angel, selfishly interested in the stranger's success.

The operator flashed an angry glance at him, which caused Angel to subside, and the stranger left the lobby with an air of dejection far different from the upspring step with which he had entered.

The next day he came again and asked that a note be sent upstairs. He waited for the answer and read it before he turned to leave. Angel followed him to the street.

"I say," he began, "are you the fellow Miss Nannie used to like?"

"Why?" asked Ryder, parrying question with question.

"Because she's sore on you because you didn't write," continued Angel.

"Are you the fellow?"

Ryder nodded, and after a moment's hesitation Angel continued:

"On the level, I didn't mean to do nothing, but I took the letters for my collection."

"You are collecting letters?" asked Ryder, hardly comprehending the confession.

"Stamps," explained the Angel.

"They were bulky stamps. I didn't suppose Miss Nannie would care. Ma gets lots of letters that she throws into the fire without reading, so I hooked the ones with the funny stamps. I guess that's why she looks like she always wants to cry. I didn't think of it that way until the other day. Then I waited until I saw whether you made it up."

Ryder's face grew black as at last he realized what the boy was saying, but Angel's eyes were again his salvation, and the secret vanished.

"Go up and tell Miss Dimmick what you have told me," commanded Ryder. "Tell her that I wrote every stenographer in sight of the fact I received no replies. Tell her that I have been half frantic. Have you the letters that you can show?"

"Burned 'em," explained Angel. "That is, all except the stamps. They had no postage, leaving the mail out on the table where anyone could swipe 'em. The elevator boy got most of the picture cards. I don't collect postcards, he handled 'em all as though they were some extension of his fault."

Ryder paced the sidewalk while Angel went to make his confession. It was a long quarter hour, but at last Angel's face white and scared, appeared on the steps.

"I fixed it for you," he announced.

"But Mrs. Dimmick heard what I said, and I bet I'm at the making of my life."

And he sat down on the steps, while yet he could sit to ponder on the full fascinations of a fad.

The Log Line.

Officers on the coastwise and foreign steamship lines are not limited to their regular duties, but are expected to answer the questions of curious passengers—besides. "Sometimes, however, the passengers take the matter into their own hands and instruct others more ignorant than themselves."

The purpose of a well known liner tells of a lady who had made a passage before and who in consequence felt a superior knowledge of maritime things. "Several times" were grouped in the story. This one among them, when their attention was attracted by the log with its long line attached to the rail.

"Why, what can that be?" inquired one of the party.

"That," said the knowing one. "Well, you see the vessel has to keep in communication with the land, and in order to tell just how far they have got on the passage they keep one end tied to the dock, and by looking at the amount of line paid out they can tell just how far they are from the other side."

"Oh!" exclaimed the other after this lucid explanation. "Well, I have always heard of the log, but I never knew what one was before. Thank you so much!"—Youth's Companion.

Fourteen Mistakes.

An English paper prints a list of what it terms "the fourteen mistakes of life." While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly comprehensive one.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world, to look for judgment and experience in youth, to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike, to look for perfection in our own actions, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, not to yield in immaterial matters, not to allow all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power, not to make allowances for the infirmities of others, to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform, to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything.

And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

Local Directory.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.

Lieutenant Governor—John S. Murphy.

State Treasurer—John C. West.

Auditor General—Robert K. Young.

Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry H. Hinch.

President Judge—Joseph W. Houston, Middleport.

Member of Congress—C. P. Barclay, Willsboro.

State Senator—O. W. Williams, Willsboro.

Member of Assembly—James A. McKenna, Middleport; R. P. Hildreth, Bradford.

District Attorney—J. B. Mayo, Southampton.

Recorder—J. B. Mayo, Southampton.

County Clerk—W. C. Smith, Southampton.

County Treasurer—F. P. Jewell, Bradford.

County Assessor—Geo. G. Smith, Bradford.

County Engineer—Wm. P. Dyer, Bradford.

County Surveyor—Wm. P. Dyer, Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette W. Bayle, Southampton.

County School Director—D. C. Smith, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. E. Smith, treasurer; John C. Smith, W. E. Smith, John C. Smith, Collectors—R. D. Gibson.

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County School Director—D. C. Smith,

Whither the Fates Call.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Elsie Reynolds had just finished her first year of teaching. She had not enjoyed the experience particularly, and now that the term was carrying her back to the east, which she loved, she wondered how she could have even half played herself to return in the fall. But she had, and at length she admitted to herself the reason for it.

It was not the work. Work she must have somewhere, to be sure, but it was not necessary to seek it at so great a distance from home. No, it was not the work, but the friends she had made, or, rather, to be strictly truthful and spare herself no blushes, it was one friend, Gilbert Chandler.

The admission came as a revelation. For six months she and Gilbert had been good comrades, and they had parted as comrades, exchanging promises to write to each other during the long summer vacation. If it were not too hot and if they were not too busy, but Elsie had made the identical promise to half a dozen other men, more or less, who had come to the train to see her off, for Elsie was pretty and popular and Gilbert Chandler had by no means a clear field.

Tad the truth been told him (for any one save Elsie) he would have dismissed it with a smile of incredulity. But Elsie had no intention of telling him—indeed, having discovered the state of her feelings, she had no intention of favoring him with information of any kind. Gilbert must wait first. On that point she was inflexible, even after a month of anxious waiting.

Other men wrote her the words of their letters, she broke into smiles and answered them only in the hope that through them she might hear something of Gilbert. At length their words came to her.

Over and over again, Elsie read the unimpeachable words, "You're a little thing, but you're a little thing, and the letter about 'Phantomia has now set in, and that with the typical complications. Besides his chances for recovery about out, and just as he was beginning to be looked upon as a young lawyer who must be reckoned with 'Tough luck'."

Elsie frantically up the letter and sobbed her heart out. There was no one to comfort her, no one who would even understand.

The summer was nearly gone before Elsie received further news. Gilbert had lived through the winter crisis, but not to receive his full health. In fact, the doctors had ordered an entire change of climate and occupation, and in consequence he had given up all his youthful ambitions, and good-bye to the world of friends and activities, and taken up life with his sister on a small ranch in Texas.

Then to all who knew her, Elsie Reynolds did a surprising and unexpected thing. She resigned her position in the Western boarding school and accepted the thankless task of teacher in a district school in Texas.

Her alleged reason—that she was tired of civilization and hungered for primitive experience—was turned aside by her friends. Yet there was no one to hold her back. She was fatherless and motherless and perforce self-supporting.

For the next two years there were two very small institutions in the Lone Star State that prospered amazingly. One was a forlorn one room school-house, the other a pocket handkerchief ranch which surrounded a brave but unpretentious little bungalow. In both daily miracles were happening. The schoolhouse knew all about the bungalow, but the latter had never guessed the existence of its wide awake neighbor to the west.

And when a letter arrived there one summer morning announcing that Elsie Reynolds was passing through Texas, as on her way east and if convenient would like to stop off for a few days to visit old friends, the bungalow opened wide its doors and windows with astonishment and let the sun in like some unexpected guest come to warm and cheer its lonely hearth.

During the days that must pass before she should come all was one busy whirl of anticipation. To Gilbert Chandler and his sister the actual presence of a friend from their old abandoned world would seem nothing short of a glimpse of heaven.

Arrived in its sudden acquisition of muslin ruffles and elixir-flowers and quite consciously proud of its honey-suckle perfume, the little house fluttered and beamed with expectation.

At last the great day arrived. Gilbert rose early, his bloused face radiant with happiness, saddled the two horses and went to meet her.

The ride back over the rolling prairie, which for each of them held its special meaning, was tumultuous with things unspoken. From full hearts little sad companionship reached the lips.

"You have been traveling, Elsie?" "I traveling?" She laughed back at him merrily. "No; same old story, Gilbert—teaching."

"But you're brown as a Mexican, and you don't look the least bit fagged, though that's damning you with faint praise," he added, looking at her with very frank admiration. "Where have you been teaching?"

"Oh, let's skip such details," Elsie answered evasively. "Don't you love this country?"

Gilbert followed her gaze out over the luxuriant wealth of green meadows and beyond to the high, grim mountains.

"Yes," he answered loyally. "I do love it. It has given me back my life."

"To Elsie it seemed as if her heart must cry out and demand the whole truth."

"Do you mean that you are really well and strong again, or merely that you are grateful just to be alive?" was the question that begged to be asked, but she forced it back reluctantly.

Gilbert himself broke the tense silence between them.

"See, there's the shack," he said joyously, indicating the little gray bungalow set cozily in its frame of orchard green.

Elsie gave a cry of delight, put her horse to the gallop and rode straight and fast toward the open door.

The rest of that light-hearted, sun-filled day passed like a flash. At the end of it, however, came the inevitable moment when confidence and the exchange of mutual experiences and future hopes would no longer be denied expression.

Gilbert watched Elsie's dark head resting against the vine covered post as she sat on the low steps of the porch, and his heart bounded toward her in a tumult of yearning.

"It's time now to tell me where you have been these two long years, Elsie. Don't you think so?"

Elsie, looking out on the endless stretch of prairie lawn before her, said:

"Right here," she said at last, sighing heavily.

"Here?" questioned Gilbert in amazement.

"Well, in Texas," Elsie amended tentatively.

"Where?" he asked, looking at her.

"In a district school down here."

"In the name of heaven, why?" demanded Gilbert.

But Elsie would not let her hand be forced. She must know first how the game was to end.

"It is my turn to ask a question," she said. "You have succeeded here, haven't you, Gilbert?"

"Yes," he looked down at her and smiled. "I have much pride and pathos in it that Elsie looked to throw her arms about him and to tell him that she knew she understood."

"Truly well," he admitted. "For a persecuted young lawyer."

"Don't," begged Elsie. "I can't bear to hear you speak like that."

"What does your sympathetic little heart," explained Gilbert, noticing the tears in her eyes. "I'm not kicking over the low business. Am I not a lawyer who must be reckoned with 'Tough luck'?"

The boy that had been in Elsie's heart as Gilbert spoke these words and the color rising to her cheeks. That Gilbert might not observe her agitation she jumped up and pretended to be trying to prevent her from saying more.

"But if you are really well again, you'll go back to law, won't you?"

"Perhaps some time," answered Gilbert thoughtfully. "I'm waiting up and down the porch now. You see, I've been out of it now for over two years, and it would take some time to get into the running again. I don't know how I'm making my way for better than I hoped. I think there's a big chance for success. And I'm well here—gloriously well. I've stopped speaking a moment, then added, looking at the little home and lowering his voice: "The hardest thing is having my sister go back. She's to be married this fall, you know. She's been a brick."

Emotion checked his further speech. The next moment, with a little broken sob, Elsie was in his arms, and the lovers gave themselves up to the ecstasy of their emotions.

Suddenly Gilbert held her at arm's length from him, nearly crushing her slender hands in the agony of his recognition.

"No, Elsie," he said hoarsely. "I can't. I will not let you. I have no right. It would be asking you to sacrifice too much for me. You would die of cancer down here."

"But Elsie's eyes were shining; her face was radiant with happiness."

"You forget, dear," she said gently, "that I've made it my country; too that I have no sacrifice to make. You are my all. Besides," she added, regisibly, "it's leap year, and you're no right to refuse me, Gilbert."

He began to stammer.

The man whose wife often said that "he never would learn, not to talk to people," looked at his seat companion and at the first opportunity broke the silence. "Traveling man, like myself?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the other. "Travel for a wool house."

"Mine's boots and shoes," said the talkative one, "but I've got a fad for golf—you see my sticks? I carry them everywhere on the chance of getting a game."

"Every man ought to have some sort of fad, seems to me. It rests him, changes the current of his thoughts. Don't you agree with me? Now, golf?"

"But the other had pulled a small round box from his pocket and was ready to talk."

"Here's my fad," he broke in. "As I said, I travel for a wool firm, but this little outfit made by an aunt of my wife is my fad."

"I always carry a couple of dozen boxes with me, and, as you say, it rests me and changes the current of my thoughts. And when I find a man like you that can talk about something besides business and evidently likes to tell him the story of one of these little boxes of abstract art, what is it, and if I don't convince him in half an hour that it's exactly what he needs, why, I can do it in an hour more."

"Shush again!" muttered the golf enthusiast as he looked at the firm jaw of his seat mate.

MAYFLOWER TEAPOTS.

A Warning That May Prove of Value to Reluctant Teapots.

It may be trusted that no teapot descendent of the pilgrims would and no other person foolishly should ever claim to have or to have seen a teapot that had come over on the Mayflower. Whatever other articles in whatever number may be treasured as parts of the sacred cargo—that was landed at Plymouth rock in 1620, relic hunters may rest in the assurance that no rival owns a teapot of Mayflower descent.

The explanation is simple. When the Mayflower sailed for America an ounce of tea was rare enough to have made up a fitting gift for royalty. Yet forty years later the wealthy and fashionable people of England were fully familiar with tea which the East India company had first brought into the country, and four years later it was on sale in the coffee houses, at which time a pound might be purchased for the moderate sum of 30 shillings.

Only twenty-five years later tea was on sale in Boston, and soon after there were two tea-houses located there kept by Daniel Gorton and Benjamin Harris.

In the first decade of the eighteenth century it could be bought from Zabell Bolton at his apothecary shop.

Today the coffee houses of a hundred years ago in London are in reality tea houses. In England were made the first teapots of pottery. Later the most delicate creations in porcelain appeared, but as tea became popular the art of the teapot maker was less exclusively refined. —Boston Globe.

On the twelfth day the Norwegian steamer Aurora sighted the wreck and sent a boat to take it in tow. Elsie had been taken aboard, but hearing that the ship was bound for New York, she had jumped overboard and swam ashore.

For twelve days the master of the ship lived in his prison, eating as sparingly as possible, and drinking sea water, which appeared to have no ill effect on him. He employed his free time in hammering on the steel bottom of the ship to attract the attention of passing vessels. He knew when it was day, for a dim light penetrated the water.

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A TALE OF THE SEA.

The Upside Down Cruise of the Captain of the Ernste.

An almost incredible instance of the perils attending those who go to sea was the basis of a story told in a maritime court of Danzig some years ago by the captain of the sailing ship Ernste. Nothing that Jules Verne, Clark Russell and H. G. Wells ever fabled in their wonderful tales surpassed the story told by Captain Engelhardt.

He had sailed from Memel with a cargo of planks for Oldenburg. The captain remained at the wheel during a gale which overtook the vessel next night and at 4 in the morning went to his cabin to change his wet clothes.

He had just got into dry underwear when his vessel capsized, and he found himself standing on the roof of the cabin, the floor of which the sea had completely flooded.

By consulting the boards of what was now the roof he got into the hold, which contained only food and provisions. He also found a bukinier.

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FOUGHT UNDER WATER.

Last of the Spanish Fleet at the Battle of Manila Bay.

"What was it like, that battle of Manila Bay, do you ask?"

"The thousands of heaven would have been lost in its din. It was fierce and fast, like the rolling of all the drums in the world or like bolts of heavy salt cloth torn into shreds by the wind."

"What a picture it would make—that battle, the last of the Spanish fleet, the Don Antonio de Ulloa. She fought

Taking Advantage of Leap Year.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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Dora Wright had practically mastered the difficult art of being poor when fate presented her with a sudden abundance. While she was still wondering what she was going to do with it all some relatives swooped down upon her and whisked her off to Newport for the season.

About two months later Miss Wright returned from an elaborate vacation very late, one night, or, rather, very early one morning.

Bidding her aunt and cousins good night, she wearily ascended the stairs to her room, her shimmering ball dress billowing gracefully around her slender figure. One door later she walked briskly down the same stairs attired in a natty linen traveling suit and carrying a small satchel.

"I am going away for a visit," she informed the astonished butler as he unlocked the front door at her command. "You'll find a small trunk locked and strapped in my room. Please send it to this address," handing the man a card and a bill of exchange.



"I shall never go back," she said, her eyes fixed on the floor. "I shall never go back," she said, her eyes fixed on the floor.

The labor of the day was ended, Mrs. Watson and several of her boarders were out on the front porch in joyful enjoyment of the "eat of the evening."

"Yes, Miss Wright's girl," a white swatch, according to the papers, the landlady was declaiming to the little milliner, a new boarder. "Today's edition said how a furrier, no doubt, appeared to be getting the inside track. That's why he's looking more mopey than usual tonight, polishing through the open window at a solitary man in the shabby sitting room, his head leaning wearily on his hand, an unopened paper on his knee."

"He isn't been the same man since she left," continued Mrs. Watson in a lowered voice. "In love with her? Land sakes, I should say he was! Every one could see it except Miss Wright. Why didn't he up and tell her? Why, child, they were both poor! Miss Wright didn't make no more'n her own keep, and Mr. Langdon has a mother-in-law sister to support back in Ohio. And when Miss Wright's uncle died, he left her all that property of course that put her out'n his reach for good. He's too proud a man to live on his wife's money. It's a dreadful pity, though, for if ever two people were cut out for each other—just then she turned her head and saw Dora Wright walking up the path."

"For the land sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Watson. "This ain't never you! How glad I am to see you, and how well you're looking!"

Considerable time was consumed in congratulations and explanations. Then Mrs. Watson hurried upstairs to see about a room for her unexpected guest, and Dora went into the parlor and seated herself beside Mr. Langdon.

"Have you missed me, Robert?" she asked.

"Missed you?" echoed Langdon. He thought how intensely he had missed her. How, during the two months of her absence, he had longed for the sound of her voice, the merry laugh in her eyes!

"It's like a dream to have you sitting beside me, Dora. I don't understand it. For the first time in years you had got comfortably away from the everlasting grind and were free to spend your time as you liked, yet here you are back again in the hot, dusty city in the middle of August. Now, Dora, what's the reason?"

"Well, one of the reasons is that this talk about money making you free is all nonsense. Money made me a slave for two months. Instead of doing what I wanted, I had to do what anybody else wanted."

"I had to be outdoors when I was cold and indoors when I was hot. I had to sit through two hour dinners every night and eat things I detested. I had to dance when I was tired and listen to poor music and go into restaurants over exorbitant singing when I was sleepy and my head ached. I had to ride in automobiles and go yachting. A yacht always makes me sick, and you know what I think of automobiles."

Mr. Langdon did not seem properly impressed, so Dora continued in an aggrieved voice:

"I spent hours racing around with

self sticks when I'd much rather sit down quietly with an agreeable book. It's very well to do what you dislike if you're accomplishing anything, but all this activity was accomplishing nothing except spoiling my temper and making me ill. But you haven't said yet that you were glad to see me, Robert."

Langdon's look of adoration seemed to be nothing more than she expected.

"Yes, Dora, I am glad," he said simply. "I thought you had forgotten me. I didn't blame you," he continued hastily as she made a dissenting gesture. "I was glad to think that at last you were enjoying what your beauty and your nature entitled you to and that your brave conduct in adversity was being properly rewarded. But why did you come back here, Dora? Why did you come back to this dreary manufacturing town when you had the whole world to choose from?"

Dora looked intently at him while he was speaking. She noted the streaks of gray in his well kept hair, the sad droop of the patient mouth, the many lines around his tired eyes.

"For more reasons than one," she said. "I knew you needed looking after, Robert. I knew you were lonely and working hard in order to forget. I knew you were tired and that your eyes were used up. I knew you felt the heat more than ever and wouldn't take any refreshing trolley rides out into the breezy country or go on any cozy little picnics without your old friend. Now I'm going to invade you out every afternoon, and we'll read our favorite authors in the evenings, just as we used to before I became an heiress."

Langdon drew a deep breath and looked longingly at the girl, who appeared to be unconscious of having said anything unusual.

"I was tired," he said. His eyes and voice were pitifully near tears, the porch was deserted, and he hid his build gently on hers. "But in the future the knowledge that you thought of me and came back to cheer me up will keep me from fatigue and every other ill. But you must return to your relatives. If you don't like Newport, there are other places. Travel, Dora, and get the good of the money that came to you late, but thank God, not too late!"

Dora regarded him with an amused tenderness.

"You don't know me half as well as I know you, Robert. I have no intention of going back to the relatives who ignored my very existence until Uncle Timothy left me a fortune. And I don't want to spend my money in travel at present. I came to this place I like, and here I'm going to stay."

Langdon leaned suddenly toward Dora. His pale face flushed, and his hands trembled, but he pulled himself up again resolutely.

"I'm glad, though, Dora, in spite of your heavenly kindness it can't be the same as it was when we were both poor. My dear girl, don't you see that it is different?"

Dora smiled tenderly at him.

"Certainly I see that it's different, because now I have the means to provide luxuriously for the old mother and delicate sister and to keep up a house for us both."

Langdon was shaking visibly.

"Dora, it will not do. Your husband must be a more brilliant man than this old friend, though he can never be a more faithful. He must be of your own age and your own financial standing. You make it hard, dear one, but you must go back tomorrow."

"I shall never go back," she said resolutely. "And I shall never have a husband, Robert, unless it is this unselfish old friend."

Langdon raised his hand to his tired eyes to hide a rush of happy tears.

"Do you mean?" he stammered.

"Yes," answered Dora, "I mean this as a proposal. It's leap year, you know."

Logical.

The man wearing a "dud" and dumbly placed stood before the judge.

"Your honor," he said, "I do not wish to take undue technical advantage. I do not claim to be without hearing or speech. The words 'dud' and 'dumb' without qualification, are words and nothing more. Supposing I had worn a number on a tag? Would that have made me guilty of asserting myself a dog or an automobile?"

"Moreover, your honor, a man may be deaf and dumb constructively. That's my status during business hours."

"Your reasoning is excellent," responded the court, "and, though I send you to jail for thirty days, you are not to be deprived of the right to consider yourself constructively free."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Bought the Bell.

"Got any cow bells?" inquired a country looking man of a clerk in a hardware store.

"Yes, sir. Step this way," replied the young man.

The farmer picked up the largest he could find and said: "Have you no larger than this?"

"No, sir. The largest ones are all sold."

The farmer, on hearing this, turned to leave and had reached the door when the clerk called after him.

"Look here, stranger! Take one of these small bells for your cow, and you won't have half as much bother finding her, for when you hear the bell you will always know that she can't be far off."

He bought the bell.—Judge.

CIGARETTES AND TEA.

A Part of the Routine of Every Russian Business House.

"You forget," I observed, "that Russia is the original home and habitat of the cigarette," says the Odessa correspondent of the London Standard.

"The little paper tube of tobacco was, no to say, a national institution among the Russians, gentle and simple, long before it was seen between the lips of the Englishmen and Frenchmen."

My friend, a British merchant, on his first visit to Russia, was being introduced to a local banking house. As the cashier momentarily laid aside his cigarette in a convenient ash tray to attend to us my visitor looked amazedly around the spacious room, where here and there among the stuff of silks, furs and the like, he saw the curling blue smoke of many cigarettes. The cashier proffered his cigarette case.

"Well, do you know," said my friend, "it is not by any means our notion of business, and yet somehow it looks homely and agreeable, and some of those fellows appears to be taking or smoking."

Then came a further surprise for my companion. A neatly dressed waitress, emerging from some lower region was passing behind the chief counter bearing a large tray on which were some ten or twelve glasses of tea, with the usual small dish of sliced lemon and silver fork. The tea was first distributed to the senior clerks in the various departments, and the waitress returned for further supplies for the rest of the staff.

"Also a Russian institution," smilingly quipped the London merchant.

"Exactly," I replied, "and the tea is of the finest quality."

From the bank we drove to the postoffice and telegraph station. In these places it is forbidden to the public to smoke, but behind the counters in every department the clerks and the clerks were just as much in evidence as they were at the bank. The tea is always supplied by the establishment, whatever it may be. The cigarettes the officials and clerks find themselves.

OUR FIRST PATENT.

Granted at Boston in 1848 and Was Called a Monopoly.

To the general court of Massachusetts belongs the honor of granting the first American patent. This was in 1848 and was then designated as a monopoly. It was confined to the region controlled by Massachusetts, and the one issue apparently included all the invention of the inventor connected with engines that depended upon water for their motive power. The limit of the monopoly was, however, years, and the court only retained power to forbid exportation, but to prevent exporting engines from the public for their use. The patent was issued in this form:

"I, James Watson, do hereby certify that I have invented a certain improvement in the art of the steam engine, and I claim for myself the right to make, use, and vend the same throughout the State of Massachusetts, for the term of years therein expressed, unto all whom these presents shall come."

At 1018. The court considered the possibility of granting such a monopoly of engines of mills to go by water for speedy dispatch of much work with

few hands, and being sufficiently informed of the ability of the petitioner to perform such work, grant his petition (yet no other person shall set up or use any such new invention, or trade for fourteen years without the license of him, the said James Watson) so far as concerns any such new invention, and so it shall be always in the power of this court to restrain the exportation of such manufactures and the prizes of them to moderation it occasionally require."

The inventor, James Watson, or Jenks, as it would now be spelled, came from Hingham, England, settled in Lynn in 1848 and died in 1882, aged eighty-one. He was a blacksmith and machinist, made the dies for the coining of the "Pine Tree" money and built the first fire engine in this country, altogether a man of great inventive genius and the ancestor of a large number of descendants. One of his sons removed to Rhode Island, where he built several mills.

Origin of Myths.

The human mind, whether that of the savage or the civilized man, is naturally a thinking machine. In early times, before science was born, the phenomena of nature required an explanation, and the savage beholder shaped the myth, which satisfied his untutored mind. It is out of man's natural craving to know the "reason why" that all myths are born. As the distinguished anthropologist, Taylor, puts it: "When the attention of a man in the myth making stage of intellect is drawn to any phenomenon which has to him an obvious reason, he invents and tells a story to account for it." In such way all mythology originated.

The Literary Sweatshop.

Fair Warning.

It is a well known fact that novels were written in this way. The pen of Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy" was at these machines they pushed in the plots, across the rooms they switched the description, the dialogue is put in by hand, and the whole then goes to the finishing room, where it is sawed into chapters.—Puck.

DR. E. R. BAKER, DENTIST.

Office Hours: 9:30 a. m. to 12 m., 1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

MADE TO MEASURE.

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS.

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE.

52-54 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN.

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jew.

ery, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800. Union Phone 493.

BURDICK & SARTWELL.

PLUMBERS.

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Office at residence, 40 W. Ring St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.

F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

T. H. PURTLE, Prop.

128 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERICAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

Read this Advertisement.

It will Interest every house owner.

I sell Smoke Bell Holders for 2- and 3-light Chandeliers. Easily fastened to any Chandelier.

No more hooks in the ceilings; no more chains to break; no more paper to get black from smoke.

Have a look. 2-light, 75c each; 3-light \$1.00.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

ROTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT.

MADE TO MEASURE.

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

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Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

F. D. Gallup.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended. A. Office over Hamilton's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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